

NORTHERN JUNKET



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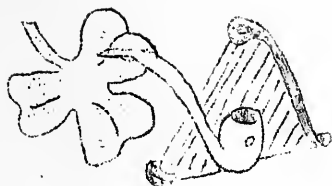
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Congratulations and a warm welcome to "THE TROUBADOUR", a new quarterly magazine of the Canadian Folk Arts Council dedicated to the folk arts of Canada. This bilingual magazine is edited by Yves Moreau.



TAKE IT OR
LEAVE IT

Modern square dance choreographers seem to be "hung up" on words ending in "ate". I asked a close caller-friend to give me a list of those that he could remember. Here they are: "Captivate - Co-ordinate - Fascinate - Circulate - Dimond Circulate - Hourglass Circulate - Trade Circulate - Cross over Circulate - Percolate - Out Roll Circulate - In Roll Circulate - Interlock Circulate - manipulate - Toptivate - Reactivate - Relocate - Checkmate - Formulate - Navigate."

Oh, dreary, dreary me! What the hell are you trying to do? About all you've left out is "Constipate"! Where you stand still and do nothing!

Don't you wizards of computerization realize that the rest of the non-dancing world is laughing at you?

Maybe that's the answer: to fill the air with raucous laughter whenever such atrocious non-directional terms are used in square dancing.

It would let the air out of a lot of egotistical balloons as well as to shatter the nerveends of a great many unsophisticated challengers of good neighborly dancing. Who needs this kind of square dance effluvia? The challenge lovers you say? Fine. They can have it and good riddance. After a while they will "challenge dance" themselves right out of existence and I wonder how many tears will be shed when that happens?

Sincerely

Ralph

ABOUT THIS ISSUE

This issue of NORTHERN JUNKET is a tribute to Ed Moody who passed away January 8, 1977, aged 80 years. Better known perhaps as PAT PENDING, he wrote many an article under that pseudonym for all of the well known square dance magazines. Ed Moody loved traditional New England squares and contras and joyfully spread that love in words of prose and rhyme.

He had an uncanny ability to compose terse 4-liners about events that happened on the dance floor. He pulled no punches in doing so.

Underneath that gruff exterior he was a kind, gentle man. It was a priviledgo to know him and I feel priviledged to have called him friend. His pen has been stilled but his memory will remain with us for a long, long time.

I'd like to start this issue with a tribute that Charley Baldwin wrote for the March issue of his NEW ENGLAND CALLER.

IN MEMORIAM

EDWARD G. MOODY, HOLLIS, N.H.
1897 - 1977

Though some may yearn for titles great, and seek the
frills of fame,

Ed did not care to have an extra handle to his name.
He was not hungry for the pomp of life's high dignities
He did not sigh to sit among the honored L.L.D's.
He was satisfied unto the end,
To those he knew and lived with here,
A simple first-name friend.

WHO DUN IT?

by PAT PENDING



The set fouls up, it goes astray
'Cause someone went the awkward way.
Who dun it?

Amazed as heck - the caller stares,
A boo-boo made by four smooth pairs.
Who dun it?

A gritting tooth, a glaring eye,
Who goofed the figure up and why
Who dun it?

Put on your brakes amid this strife,
As usual, don't blame your wife,
Who dun it?

It warn't the butler - warn't the cook,
Just in the mirror take a look
YOU dun it!

There's many types of patterns,
There's lots of choice betwixt 'em;
Let's patronize the caller
With ability to mix 'em.

He may sprinkle in a nifty
Yet keep us quite content,
For he builds a splendid program,
Smooth and intelligent.

Square Dancin's democratic - It's really lots of fun,
The banker's wife swings gaily - With the garbage
Gentlemen.

THE PEYTON PLACE PROMENADERS

by ED MOODY

Ed sent this article to me nearly 15 years ago with the admonition to "keep it on ice for a while". I have done just that! R.P.



FIRST I am not a school superintendent's wife (as a matter of fact I can never be anybody's wife) so my husband won't get fired if this is ever published.

SECOND It is all imaginary and any resemblance of any character depicted to any person living or dead is merely coincidence.

THIRD There will be no moral drawn by me to conclude this ramble of words - you draw your own.

Somewhere in these United States of ours there is a Square Dance Club a decade and a half old that is prospering and growing. And that is a real exception to today's rule. Standing back and observing the modus operandi past and present of this organization gives one the weirdest mental picture possible. Everything seems to contradict (in some places and in many schools of thinking) all rules for progress and healthy vigor.

Now they are a supremely self-satisfied bunch even to the point bordering on a group case of mild swelled headedness. At times on the floor when an interloper

(paying non-club member guest to you) fouls up a little they wax politely arrogant. They have been kidded into thinking and actually believing that they are paramount in every and all types of dancing; lolevel, slolevel, hot level and hilevel. This inflating job is a masterpiece of applied mob psychology that has been fed them in small doses over the years and created a disease known as Contagious Enthusiasm (How Good We Are) and they expose all visiting dancers who might be possible recruits for their club to IT. Actually, they are incurable, and their attitude of making others mildly jealous and desirous of keeping pace with them has spread all over their zone of influence and created many applicants for membership. Now that's a queer bit of thinking, but it's true.



They have their own non-advertised dance in a remote Town Hall, where the Main Street is so poorly lit that invited strangers and recruits desirous of joining pass it by two or three times before they get it pointed out to them by the lad in the gas station $\frac{1}{2}$ mile up the line. When it is finally found, non-members, even invited, or prospects are discouraged from entering by a hastily lettered cardboard sign tacked on the main door "PRIVATE PARTY".



Behind this door the brain washing starts. WATCH IT. ANALYSE IT. SCRUTINIZE.

Somewhere along the line there were a couple of squares of earnest folks struggling and anxious to investigate a pleasant National Tradition. AA local young man, to be called John Local, decided to attempt a little calling, and he did find an enthusiastic bunch of guinea pigs willing to take any abuse, verbal or oth

erwise, to dig deeper into their hobby and progress in its mysteries. They leaped into the palm of his hand and he has never opened that hand except to gather in a few more recruits. More power to him.



He made a real study of the dance; its choreography; its anatomy; its music; its traditions, to the point where in spite of his personality (more about that later) he became a recognized authority and did improve and hold this group together. Blessed with a vile sense of humor - an addiction for atrocious puns - and a faculty for snapping personalities over the mike which he considered wit, but sent some home with burning ears, and what's more, possessing the world's worst P A System, which seemed to have all the bass notes removed from it which furthermore accented his squeaky voice, he did have one major attribute; he never forgot that 64 divided by 8 was 8. And still furthermore, when he started, he didn't send for a half dozen records with idiot sheets - memorize the words and declare himself in business.

No indeed! Instead he bought a record that had a well punctuated beat. He prowled thru a lot of dusty, musty, old call books and adapted some of these old but interesting 'changes' to that one record, thinking up his own introductions, breaks and closers. Then he taught his customers (the club) to listen to the caller dance to the music, to have fun amongst themselves while they were dancing at about 118-120 counts per minute, and go home contented and mentally rested, not with their nerves at a tension. What's more, as he progressed, he discovered in the dusty, musty, pages more 'changes', interesting ones, which he taught to them, long before the Hot Shot Callers of today invented them. Not one thing that he did, or is doing now, is considered correct by the Presentday Masterminds. But, though he may never have realized it, he did live up to and teach this truism - Americans hurry all thru their work

week, develop labor-saving machines and actually get a work week finished in five or less days; then they go home to rest in comfort and to relax, and these Americans have no desire to be hurried or mentally taxed in their relaxing.



Now it came to pass among these folks a two-fold desire to show off a little. They wanted to show the world how good they were. The caller wanted to show other prospects how good a teacher he was, so a joint meeting of minds took place. Why not run a series of public dances which would cost some money but "we'll sell plenty of tickets and rent a bigger hall for open dances right in our own city". They remembered that it takes money to make money.



In the minds of the club members, this thought - we will get into our own sets before any intruders can break us up, then show our paying guests how good we are by not fouling up the set; maybe we can create some jealousy, and entice some to join us. And, we do need some ambitious help in the kitchen at our private sup-oerettes and a few more ovens to contribute the cookies for the refreshment table at our public dances. Besides maybe we can teach them to dance.

And that's just what happened. They ran their public dances successfully, dancing to fiddle tunes on the musical beat to prompt calling at a comfortable pace. It shouldn't have been successful - ask any vigorous square dance promoter. But it was, and so were many more open dances that followed. WHY?

Now another step forward. "Let's get in a name caller, then we can really show 'em how good we are!"

Right here, the smartest piece of humbug brain washing was accomplished on a self-satisfied sure-of-themselves group. With much waving of arms, mailed mimeographed post cards, posters, etc. etc. carefully spotted in areas where they would do the most good, the dancing world was informed that Joe Famous would call at the Peyton Place City Hall on such and such a night.



Now every Joe Famous is first a business man, especially if he wants to eat regularly. Our local boy knew that. Also, the net profit of most one night jobs in far away places is equal to the cost of food and lodging at that far away place. So, when Joe was hired, he was invited by the local mentor to come early and spend the afternight at his home.



Now this was a pretty good deal for Joe Famous who realized two things - first, it would pay him to get a return engagement here next year, also, that the local boy came pretty near saying who would be picked up for next years appearance. So Joe Famous was all ears during the afternoon over several cups of coffee and many record playings, as he was subtly instructed to call a 'Square-thru' by another name - Grand Right and Left In Fours; 'Partner left, corner right' instead of 'Dô-pas-o'; 'Down the center, lady go left, gent go right' instead of 'Trail-thru', and so on down the line, taking in the whole category of newly invented basics and calling them by the names they had had for generations back. If Joe had any funny ideas that he would hop over the traces a little and tear loose a couple of times, there was one thing he was not told but would find out.



To make assurance doubly sure the deck was stacked and he didn't have a chance. Johnny Local had one more ace up his sleeve - the orchestra was his, body and soul. Like the club, he had made 'em; they practiced at his house; they depended on him for their winter's engagements; they had a waiting list of musicians who would like to join 'em and cut in on regular weekly jobs. So they played as Johnny asked them to. Mostly good, well punctuated fiddle tunes and NEVER over 120 beats per minute. They too liked their jobs and knew who buttered their bread. Even Joe Famous or Joe Almost Famous would not be able to alter their method of playing; not to speed them up even one beat per minute. Joe will find this out if he tries it.



So, on goes the public dance with the members all strutting their stuff, and puffing out their respective chests as they sailed smoothly thru tip after tip with the firm conviction that this high-level caller was just their meat. Little did they realize that they were NOT dancing up to present-day hi-level, but that the caller, with his hands well tied, was calling down to their comfortable, relaxing level.

Johnny Local had done another neat job of double jobbing. He has jobbed his children into thinking they are 'Oh So Good' and he has jobbed Joe Famous into simply being a new voice with regular material coming out of the speakers. This dance surely does not merit the title Hi-level, and the visiting caller didn't do anything spectacular to warrant his being invited back next year, but the club will yelp about their hi-level prowess and vote him back for a return. WHY?

In course of time some busy minds in the club had another idea. Whether it originated with Johnny Local or inside the membership doesn't matter. They now began to aspire to even higher accomplishments. "We're the best club around for many miles, especially to the East and South. Let's put on a Festival; invite some of the smaller struggling clubs to join us in the Festival to carry some of the financial load (we to keep the profit, if any). Our own Johnny Local will M.C. it. Maybe we can wean away some of the members of the strugglers for ourselves."



So Johnny hand picks several demonstration groups from these weaker clubs, especially the clubs where he is apt to be hired as guest caller a couple of times a year, and reaching out into the area to the East and South of Peyton Place where the art is weak and not well organized for his groups and guest callers, but completely ignoring the area to the West and North where there was some trace of competition because of the presence of several good callers and sites of several reasonably organized clubs.

The Festival goes on. The snack table laden with tasty sandwiches and cookies at 10¢ per bite contributed mostly by the new members, and cider at the same dime a glass, contributed from near-by farms. The gate quite profitable because all the clubs invited to demonstrate knew that if at least 99.99% of their membership does not show up with all their relatives, they will not be asked back next year.

Now, Johnny Local puts on the supreme sales job humbug of the entire year. He sets up the program of demonstrations, audience participation, squares and contras, and includes all the local callers of the clubs invited, plus (get this) a couple of good out-of-the area callers he knows cannot attend because of conflicting dates or something. He leaves himself out of the

calling list. Naturally, when it comes time for the absent boys to call his club members coax him to call instead, and does he? I'll say he does! He calls tips or changes just a wee bit tricky, that he carefully taught his club at their private meeting in that hidden Town Hall at their last meeting just for this arranged occasion. AND, the members again teaming up in their own sets glide thru them while the visiting sets one after another fall apart and gawk at the Members in amazement and anticipation of hoping some day they too can dance as well. They can - if they will join up and get into that private hall! "That's the way we planned it!"

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The balance of the Festival has a few high spots to offset the majority of damnably low ones. Male and female callers from off to the East and South who have shepherded their little flocks to Peyton Place, bellow and yell into the microphones. Local members who have been stung slightly by the folk dance bug, and I mean slightly, as far as knowledge of it goes, attempt to teach disinterested folks who have been hoodwinked into leaving their comfortable seats into joining big circles in anticipation of a rousing Portland Fancy or Soldiers Joy, dance instead some complicated and awkward Slavic pattern.

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Other callers, still living in the dark ages, dust off and call some dreary triple minor contra that should have been discarded with whale bone corsets and high-laced shoes. All in all it is a pretty dreary mess to a visiting dancer who has been around a little, but to those participating, with the privilege of strutting and fretting their hour, it is THE EVENT of their dancing year. The Club has some money in the till, thanks to the visiting bretheren and families who don't get in free even to watch. Johnny Local has prospects for 8 or 10 one night stands for the coming year. The demonstrations teams and their supporting organizations get their names written up in their local papers.

Now remember, this Johnny Local's orchestra made the music - not too slow, not too fast - the sponsoring club demonstrations were headlined, and the pretty good club membership chairman sat at his desk the entire evening, ready to write new members into the club.



The demonstrations, many of them were real mediocre. The calling, for the most part, the same. The dancing laborious, because the home club members dashed out onto the floor in groups of eight like the old flying wedge of football. Thus the visitors had to mix, and as they had, for the most part, learned dances and not how to dance, if the caller asked for a di-si-do where their home caller had always used an allemande left, pandemonium reigned in that particular mixed set which always ended with the remark that that particular caller had better learn the dance he was calling.



Now this Festival, based solely on comfortable, relaxed dancing and neighborly friendship to a certain degree, should not have been successful by today's standards according to the Hot Shots. There were not three halls going at once where visiting name callers were taking turns going it hell-a-whooping, trying to throw the floors. There were no gaudily costumed lengthy demonstrations participated in by folks who, in many cases could not afford to buy their costumes nor pay their freight to the Festival, and only did so to keep up with the Joneses of their club. There were no counters set up in every nook and cranny, peddling idiot sheets and records still warm from the pressing, or books on modern square dancing with the ink still damp and smudgy. There were no extra-curricula side shows running til the wee small hours where the fastest callers raced with the fastest dancers tip after tip. In fact, there

was nothing. Nothing in today's book saying it should have been successful. But it was. And it will be repeated next year on the same basis and that, too, will be successful as they always have been in the past.

Now YOU figure out the answers to all of the WHYS. There must be some.

You write your own moral to this ramble.

WORDS IN RHYME

I watched the Lancers done in step,
A bit of dancing poetry.
Why "Orbit" dancing has appeal
Becomes a mystery.

A gorgeous display of our art,
Well prompted by a master
Makes elder dancers such as us
Abhor the hash that's faster.



When excellence has reached its peak,
We find that imitation
Shouts to all "It's better yet",
Loused up with fast gyration.

But what goes up must yet come down,
We've all passed thru the worst;
So stick around a little bit,
Some day it's bound to burst.

PAT PENDING

A man grows most tired while standing still.

A friend is a person who asks you an important question
to which you know the answer.

YOU CAN STILL FIND 'EM

by PAT PENDING



It still occurs - if you know where to find it. Yes, I'm talking about those good old neighborly dances that once were a part of our pleasure but in the past ten-twelve years have almost ceased to exist.

The Club Dances have taken over in many towns but there exist a few of us who still want those pleasant folklike gatherings where, when folks make an error it calls for smiles and not frowns.

If one lives 40-50 miles from a big metropolis he is apt to find that hunting for such a dance is a problem, but some looking around will find one - generally unadvertised, but going along nicely. In the bigger cities they do exist, but traveling to and from them is a sort of unwelcome chore.

By active hunting we finally found one less than 20 miles from home where they dance once a month. Let me tell you about it.

We got there about 8:15, hoping to slide into some back seats and enjoy an evening of watching folks dance but no luck. The volunteer orchestra was all setting on the lawn in front of the Town Hall, busily playing tunes. No activity, dancewise, seemed apparent, but about 8:35 a policeman arrived with the keys to the Town Hall, and all hustled inside and the dancing began. It seems wires had been crossed somewhere along the line and the Town Fathers had made no arrangements to get

the hall opened. That didn't bother the local musicians; they simply went to work on the lawn!

The dancing was done in a most relaxed fashion led by a young man who called off the figures to a hall full of folks ranging in age from about 10 years old up to some in their 70's. Good old patterns were mixed in with later ones, and many contras as the evening wore itself along. At 11:00 p.m. somebody with a bucket passed among the dancers and all dropped in their dollar bills, then hustled homewards telling everyone on their way out of the hall that they'd see them next month.



We skipped a month then went back again. Same thing. Imagine an orchestra of 8-10 musicians led by a gentleman with a banjo playing one traditional tune after another, without a single sheet of music in evidence anywhere.

Not too many years ago there were dances such as this in many towns of New Hampshire, but as time passed they have disappeared, though many folks miss the desire to neighbor and dance relaxed-like with friends. It seems that many towns have a Club where folks dress up and spend the evening vieing with a caller in an attempt to translate non-directive terms into messages to their muscles to move in various ways, but the pleasant old-time dances seem to have vanished - almost.



15 to 18 years ago a city only 15 miles away had a fine Quadrille Club; our own town a monthly dance; and 10 miles to the north another monthly dance in the Town Hall. A sort of meeting each fall planned all these schedules so there was no confliction of dates, thus one could dance in comfort once a week within 20 miles of home. However, as time went on, and the folks who

ran these fine evenings got older and began to retire a whole new concept crept into Square Dancing called by some Progress. The neighborly evenings fell by the wayside to allow a group of newer callers each one of whom intended to be the 'Fustest with the Mostest' to move in and take over.



In plesanter days folks did simple movements, not over 25 or so of them, which they learned during childhood, and had moments to swap a word or two with those they happened to be in action with. Howadays there are strange non-directional calls which must, in split seconds be translated and telegraphed to one's muscles for immediate action. Surely no time to be congenial with other dancers.



Thus, we older dancers have no place to fo for a Saturday evening of pleasant dancing. More's the pity. In and around the big metropolisses, schedules of such dances are published by Folk Federations and Country Dance Societies, but living 50-60 miles from them we see no such lists. We have to keep our ears peeled til we hear of one and hope that there we will hear of another one not too far away.

For old times sake let us look over some of those joyful, happy dances of yesterday, and try to find out what made them tick.

In a very nearby town the Town Hall was filled every other Saturday night the year round. Filled to capacity, with often-times squares dancing in the hallway. They sure enjoyed the old time squares and contras with waltzes, polkas, galops, the Gay Gordons or Road to the Isles sprinkled in now and then and always one big circle mixer right after intermission. One prominent traveling caller who was hired once a year often remarked that the group hadn't progressed any during the forego-

ing year, and that he hoped they never would. That was true, because they didn't want to progress being completely satisfied to meet neighbors and dance around to dances and tunes they knew well. They had no desire to change the procedure. Why try to change success? Sadly, some Western Dancers got into the group and in typical loud-mouthed fashion, started hollering for Progress. One of them was a con man and he got himself appointed as a hirer of the callers. He did just that and brought in the newest graduates of a Hot Shot Callers School. In one short year, 14-16 sets started staying home. Exit one more evening of comfortable dancing.



In a city not too far away a fine Quadrille Club carried on for many years and again danced a full floor carefully hiring callers they knew would present dances they enjoyed. They were there to dance nice, flowing patterns they well knew, and again, to meet and visit with friends they didn't see except at those dances. Some of the folks who had abandoned the first mentioned dance joined them at their monthly parties. Again, sadly, the prime movers were transferred out of the area and the new officers thought they were progressive minded and hired other callers and once more a fine Dance organization broke up.



In a toon a bit north of us, the American Legion held monthly dances on nights not interfering with those mentioned above. Here again the hall was always well filled with folks from all around. The oldest dancer was a lady 92-years young, and the small ones along about 10-12 years old. The same orchestra played here on a perfectly timed schedule. At 8:00 they started with a waltz followed by 3 tips of traditional squares. then at 8:45 a Galop as the prearranged program progressed - month after month. One could tell by his own

watch what he might be doing at that particular minute. This was a dandy evening, but slipped away 8-9 years ago through the exact reason isn't known just why it ceased to exist. But a fine Doctor - an Architect and his daughter - an Undertaker - two or three businessmen and many more professional folk do miss it.



One more very interesting dance occurred a few miles from here and was in a class by itself. Live music, always backed up by a true New England caller who used a microphone - but didn't need one. If he saw a set fouling up he dropped his mike and, shouting at the top of his voice, he leaped off the stage and straightened out that particular set, calling the figures as he worked, then back onto the stage again. One summer evening he had a few summer folks who had done a bit of shall we say, tippling too many martinis. So he simply organized a Grand March and led all on a long walk right out of the hall into the Town Square, tying traffic into knots as he wore off effects of excess alcohol then back into the hall to continue dancing, with his orchestra never missing a beat.



Now, many of we older folk who looked forward to these grand evenings, have been forbidden by nature, to attend too many of them, and our younger people are now being exposed to that wild masquerade called Modern Square Dancing, so don't know what these marvelous evenings were like. Maybe, when all have had enough of the today's mad scramble, such fine evenings will again begin to occur. Let us hope so!





MEMORIES OF AN IRISH CEILDHE

As told to Ed Moody by Madge Rees

Nearly a half century ago, when I was a very little girl just approaching my teens but not quite in them, my family moved from Wales to a small estate near the City of Limerick, in Ireland. There we were to be for several happy years and I had the advantage of learning at first hand many of the Irish legends, Irish Folklore and their many Fantasies. One of the most impressive memories that comes back to me is the impressions of the Sunday afternoon 'Ceilidhe'. But first a few stories about the part of Ireland where I lived to place in your mind the location of those festivities which occurred every week.

Now a city in Ireland must have a cathedral. Likewise a cathedral must be in a city, and Limerick which at that time was over a thousand years old had one of the most noted cathedrals in all Ireland.

No one seems to know whether a cathedral was built.

and a city grew around it or whether a city grew and a cathedral was built in it, but each is a necessity to the other. It is as involved as the old question - "which came first - the hen or the egg?" Down one step below a city is a town which is neither big as a city or small as a village or hamlet. It boasts no cathedral but does have several churches and seems like a county seat in one of our western states.



Then comes the hamlet or village which, to be classified as such must have three requisites. First, enough homes within its radius, generally of the thatched-roof type, to be able to support one church - then the church - and also, at least one Pub.

Naturally these hamlets grew up at a 'cross roads' that is, at a point where the roads between large towns or cities crossed, and it was usual for the folk from nearby towns and remote homes after Church and dinner to gather here for their dancing.



But before we go out to the 'cross roads' to dance let me tell you a couple of impressions I retain of Limerick. At that time it was a garrison of the British Army. On Sundays during the Church Holiday Season, I vividly remember seeing regiment after regiment marching to the Cathedral in the colourful uniforms with the polished buttons and the pipeclay-whitened spats, to the music of the Regimental Band. The seats inside were reserved for the military. Many other fraternities turned out in bodies and they, too, marched to service. With the Cathedral overflowing onto the lawn and onto the sidewalk, the people who couldn't enter the building all knelt and answered the responses of the service being held within the building.

Another recollection that I will never forget was the situation that occurred during the race meet at the famous Limerick Horse Track. Now, down in Louisville, Kentucky, Derby Day is almost a holiday, but in Limerick, for the duration of the several day meet, all commerce ceases. All shops are closed and business comes to a complete standstill. Everybody physically able is at the track. Horse racing completely takes over. You see, the raising and racing of thoroughbreds is a serious sport in Ireland.



But now to the 'cross roads' - most any 'cross roads' in all Ireland, not just the one I remember near the City of Limerick, for that is the excuse of telling you this story.

Walking was not only an exercise in those days, it was also an important adjunct used to get from place to place, as bicycles were just coming into a common usage, and busses and motor cars had not been as yet heard of there. Sunday afternoon strolls were quite a fashionable thing to do and our maid Bridgit loved to take my cousins and myself out for our Sunday afternoon airing.



Regardless of the road we started on; regardless of the direction we headed for first; regardless of the numerous cabbage patches we cut thru, we always seemed to arrive at the 'cross roads' just as the first fiddler was tuning up. Already gathered were enough folks to start a jig or a reel. They had come on foot, astride of a donkey, or in a donkey cart or, if from a longer distance, perhaps in horse-drawn jaunting carts.

At the particular place where Bridgit danced and we youngsters watched, the dancing took place on the green in front of the blacksmith shop where during the week the horses stood while waiting to be shod.

Here the gay Gossoons met or brought there Col-
leens, and from shortly after dinner until sunset the
music and the dancing continued with hardly a moments
let up or rest. The original fiddler was generally soon
joined by one or two more and also by a piper or two.



Only those musicians who neither need or read mu-
sic from a printed sheet, can do real justice to tunes
like Rory O'More, Garry Owen, The Londonderry Hornpipe
Haste to the Wedding, and hundreds of others, which ev-
ery Irish fiddler or piper can play in a way no others
can equal or imitate.

Like the music, the footwork and grace of the true
Irish Dancer who learned to dance as he learned to walk
is something to behold, and it seems must be born in
the Irish. Again, regardless of practice by others, it
just can't be equalled.



I can never forget the marvelous poise and rhythm
of those people - young and old - as they danced the
jigs, reels, and hornpipes on the Green on Sunday after-
noons. Such dances as Gates of Derry, Siege of Ennis or
Walls of Limerick were great favorites and were danced
several times each Sunday of dancing. No professional
Ballet can equal the satisfaction of seeing a real
Irish Ceilidhe.

Here in America, I often see patterns being taught
that I saw years and years ago, danced traditionally on
the Green of a Sunday afternoon in the County of Limer-
ick. Slainte!



LISTEN TO THE CALLER



by PAT PENDING

Our best quadrilles ain't very hard,
And kinder nice to foller,
You ain't much apt to foul them up
If you listen to the caller.

Those two loose chins in that there set
Should gab in some front parlor;
But when they're at the weekly dance
Should listen to the caller.

You talk FOR FREE upon the street,
In here you paid your dollar;
If just to get your money's worth
Pray listen to the caller.

You better walk this next one thru,
We know each square is holler;
The last you fouled with well goofed talk,
Best listen to your caller.

The fellow standing at the mike
Don't no set pattern foller;
No animated talking tape,
So listen to this caller.

He sets his dances to the tune
Played by his fiddler feller
And doesn't read them off a sheet.
JUST A NEW HAMPSHIRE CALLER!



SOMETHING TO

THINK ABOUT

by GEORGE GOSS

Some time back one progressive square dance magazine ran an eighteen page supplement that contained articles written by eleven veteran callers, teachers and leaders in celebration of its twentieth birthday. It was a most laudable and praiseworthy effort.

Those contributing are all located in the zone of influence of this magazine and every one of them has at least a score of years of activity in square dancing. Each have a history of the activity in their own particular area, but it also seemed that each one offered a bit of constructive criticism. In every case each one seemed to aim at the same bull's eye. Careful study of the several articles brought on the following conclusions.

Although attendance at national and local conventions sound quite impressive, actually the surface of possible prospects has hardly been scratched. About $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1% of our population are not enthusiasts and that leaves 99 and $\frac{1}{2}$ % available. That's food for thought.

However, back some 15-20 years ago folks learned to square dance by attending a dance and getting pushed

and hauled around for an hour or so early in the evening. By mid-evening they were fully indoctrinated and by the end of the evening were adequate square dancers. A few evenings of this and they were experts. The movements and patterns were that easy. But the dancing public craved more action in keeping with the changing new movements presented under new names or resurrected old and forgotten movements to which they gave new names in such a volume that this so-called new material came along too fast to be absorbed by many dancers. So "refresher" courses became a must, and in the case of new people a long course of at least 30 lessons before they could join in with experienced dancers for an evening's fun. As a matter of fact, new material was created too fast for even the most avid participants to properly absorb.

The possibilities of creating new movements by the combination of already existing movements is acknowledged to be limitless. But the offering of too much too fast too often is busily taking dancing out of the category of recreation and relaxation.



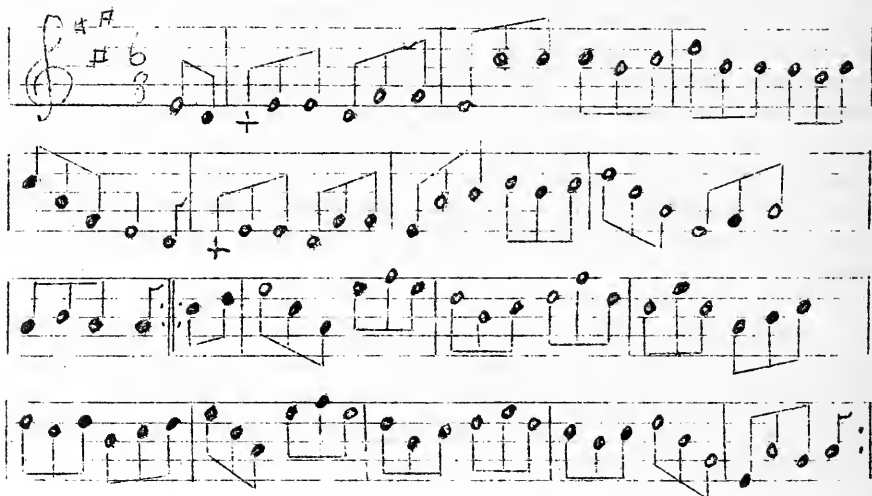
This particular writer sums up the thoughts of those eleven revered old-timers as follows: In order to hold thousands already deeply interested and to increase our numbers beyond the quoted $99\frac{1}{2}\%$, a deceleration in both speed of movement and in the speed of influx of new combinations of figures is a must.

To remain healthy, dancing must continue to be a recreation. To which I can only say "Amen". Think it over!



CONTRA DANCE

ABE'S SKIRT SWISHER



Suggested music: "The Old Rocking Chair"

Couples 1, 3, 5, etc. active and crossed over

Active couples do si do the one below
 Then same actives do si do partner in the center
 Down the center with your partner
 Same way back to cast off
 Right and left four - over and back
 Actives swing the next below
 Actives swing partner in the center

This dance is from "SWING BELOW". It was named for the late Abe Fanegson. I suspect that he put it together. The tune is an original tune by Ralph Page.

This is an easy contra. Perhaps not the first one you try with your group, but certainly one of the first.

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SQUARE DANCE

SEND ME THE PILLOW

Music: "Send Me The Pillow" Grenn FTC 32016 A

Intro, Break, Ending

All join hands, circle eight, circle eight hands round
 When you're home, wheel around and promenade the town
 Left allemande you corner and you weave the ring around
 Go in and out, and out and in
 Til you're all home again.
 You keep on weaving round the ring
 Until you all get home
 Then the head two couples you get ready to dance

Figure

The two head couples separate go half way round the
 While the side two couples right and left ring
 right thru

Left allemande where ere you are
 Go back and do si do
 Then all four men go cross the ring and swing
 You swing the girl who's waiting for you 'cross the square
 Then take your corner lady and you promenade with her
 You've got a new girl, take her home because she is
 your own
 The head two couples dance it one more time.

Sequence: Intro, Heads twice, Break, Sides twice, End.

This is a shortened version of a dance I used to call
 "Half Way Round". The tune here is a modern country wes
 tern, and so what? I'm a traditionalist - up to a cer-
 tain point!

Letters From

Five Friends

HE HAD THE HUMAN TOUCH

by Mal Hayden



We who knew Ed Moody as a square dancer, a poet, a humorist, a man full of life, enthusiasm, prejudices, opinions, read his obituary with some sense of shock. The headline read: E. Moody Dies; Manufactured Truck Bodies. This is not the Ed Moody we knew.

Ed had the human touch and his two volumes of square dance poems, one of miscellaneous poems and his contra book "Swing Below" prove that again and again. I realized that I had not taken them as seriously as is their worth, at the time I received them. Now I have read them more thoroughly - but I can't write to Ed and tell him how much I enjoy them; of the many chuckles, even belly-laughs over some of the things he describes in verse.

I did not always agree with him regarding his square dance philosophy, but I always found him interesting and challenging. His writings, particularly his poems, reveal how observing he was of the people with whom he came in contact.

Ed was so individual. I recall a dance that I called in Hollis one Saturday night. As the dance ended Ed handed me a little poem that he had written about one of the contras, called "No Name Reel". I have searched in vain for the poem; I remember only the opening two lines: "Circle left, it is a shame

This dandy contra has no name". And the last two words of the poem: "It's illegit". As I recall the

poem was sheer delight. On another occasion he presented me with a pencil portrait of me standing before the mike. I treasure it.

In 1971, the New England Caller celebrated its 20th anniversary. I was asked to write about my square dance experiences in New England. The last part of my write-up was concerned with honoring the memory of Abe Kanegson. One thing I said was "To know him was to know greatness, a quality earned by few men".

Well, perhaps we can't say that Ed Moody was great. But I do know that he was quite a guy to know. And I'm glad that I knew him as well as I did. As he lived his life, he touched people, and I, for one, feel that I'm the better for the touching.

A TRIBUTE TO ED MOODY

by Louise Winston

Square, contra, and folk dancers all over New England were saddened to learn of the death of Ed Moody on February 8, 1977. Ed was for many, many years an ardent advocate of New England's traditional square and contra dancing, so it was most appropriate that at the private memorial service for Ed, which was held by his family on February 11, the music was New England dance tunes, played by Tony Parkes and Donna Hinds. This music included a lovely pastoral tune composed for the occasion by Donna, who named it "The Gentle Old Man".



Gentle and friendly though he was, Ed was, nevertheless a typical New Englander who never hesitated to speak up fearlessly for the values he believed in. We especially remember the many articles he wrote over the years in NORTHERN JUNKET and the New England Caller, writing first under the pen name "Pat Pending", and later under his own. Most of his articles were inspired

by whatever influences he saw as endangering, or undermining the quality, or the future of our dancing, and he never minced words or pulled punches in condemning them.

Gregarious and outgoing, with a lively sense of humor, Ed quickly made friends wherever he went, and in his wide travels throughout this country and recently in England, he proved an eager ambassador of our New England dancing, always willing to call a square or contra wherever he went, to show how we dance 'em in Yankee-land. He was also a voluminous correspondent, enlivening his letters with humorous poems on all facets of square dancing, many of his poems were later issued in four-leaflets, privately printed by his friend, Walter Meier, then of Chicago, while others, which he jotted down on any available scraps of paper at dances, were often presented on the spot to the subjects of the verses. His handiness at woodworking created many household items, which he freely donated to auctions at dance camps, and at the North of Boston Callers' annual auction, where he served for a number of years as the humorously autocratic auctioneer. All in all, Ed left so many happy memories for all who knew him that he has already become part of the New England dance tradition he loved so well.

AS I REMEMBER HIM

by Mae Fraley

Ed was a true Yankee gentleman who liked the South. We first met in the sixties at the Kentucky Dance Institute, where even the newcomer is greeted on arrival with a warm hug and a hearty kiss. This is Ed's own comment:



"K.D.I. is the kissingest spot I was ever in. Up here in God's country, a kiss tells a story of its own.

A half-hearted peck on the cheek about one half inch in front of the ear is usually an exchange between two cat ty women just before they exchange double-headed compliments; a kiss about one inch nearer the mouth is an exchange between a couple of cousins who have been ordered by their parents to salute each other. Progressively forward toward the mouth, a kiss becomes first, a genuine greeting and, as it continues mouthward, becomes a KISS. Now in Morehead, they splatter them all over ones face so no one can tell in just what category they are meant. But I like 'em just the same, and am sorry I missed a few".

One year at KDI, Ed's room-mate was from Atlanta. We all set back grinning, and waited for the War Between the States to begin all over again. Instead, they spent many hours talking together. In later years, Ed began to like other things about the South, especially grits which were sent him by a dance leader friend from North Carolina, for whom he wrote the following Contra:

BENNETT'S MASSANETTA REEL

Actives do si do below

Actives swing below (end with lady on the right)

Ladies chain (over and back)

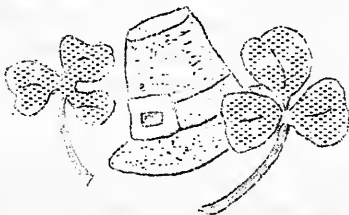
Half promenade across the set

Half right and left to place

With opposite couple a right hand star once round

Left hand star back to place

And that is how I remember Ed Moody - as a gallant and gracious New England gentleman. Square dance camps, and weekends without him will not be quite the same.



ED AT KDI

by KARS KARSNER



To the best of my recollection Ed & Helen Moody first came to Kentucky to attend the 1962 Kentucky Dance Institute (KDI) a week of folk dancing at Morehead State College, Morehead, Ky. Ed knew no one on the staff but it never occurred to any one to determine why they came. We may have been recommended by previous participants, or they may have known that it existed and came out of curiosity. They certainly didn't come for the dancing because, even then, neither of them were physically able to participate in more than a fraction of the total dance program.

But that did not limit their attending every dance session; I don't believe he missed a single session! When not dancing, he observed everything that was happening and many received bits of his verse covering any incident in which the recipient was involved. It might have been an embarrassing demonstration, ineptitude or moment of forgetfulness, a joke or prank, a slip of the tongue, an expressed attitude, a good deed, or any situation which would serve as subject matter for his poetry.

When not writing verse, Ed kept other spectators amused with reports of incidents from his varied and interesting life, or he would become involved in serious conversation about dancing - mostly about contras. Many dancers and leaders, including this writer, spent hours "picking Ed's brain" for knowledge, and copying directions from his collection of contra dances. Ed was never too narrow to share.

He was frequently invited to lead contras at the evening parties and he responded with delightful enthusiasm, yet with a dancing-master, no-nonsense forceful

ness that frowned on horseplay and waste of time. The end of the evening party was usually the end of the day for Helen, but Ed was the life of more than one after-party.

Ed returned to Kentucky many times after 1962. Sometimes with Helen, sometimes alone. Sometimes he drove, sometimes he flew, but when possible he drove with friends. He continued to contribute. Not only was he instrumental in starting the scholarship program for deserving potential leaders, he also served as auctioneer for the annual auction, the receipts of which served as the backbone of the scholarship fund.

In 1967, Ed suggested that a daily newspaper was needed and volunteered to publish one. This he did for six years, beginning with the 1968 Institute. All but the center sheet he prepared and printed during the winter. The center sheet, giving the day's program and current happenings, was typed early each day before the other dancers were up and was then printed and inserted in the paper for distribution at the first session each morning. The sixth, and last year, 1973, was also Ed's last year with us. Poor health prevented another return to KDI and further contributions to a program enjoyed by many, who are not aware of the source of much of their enjoyment.

Unforgettable

Ed Moody

by Walter Meier

My wife, Vera, and I made the acquaintance of Ed Moody some 25 years ago when he and his wife were traveling through Des Plaines, Illinois, and



at that time they visited our scheduled dance. Prior to his acquaintance we heard much of Ed Moody through his straight-forward square dance editorials and, not to forget, his square dance poems which he wrote under the pseudonym of "Pat Pending". Of course during our square dance session we came to know Ed Moody and after the dance we had a most delightful get-together at a nearby restaurant with Ed, his wife, Helen, and a group of other square dancers. To talk with Ed Moody was indeed a stimulating and inspiring experience, and we knew that a deep and sincere friendship was in the making. In no time at all Ed put the following in writing:



"Hundreds of miles of mile posts
Then comes an evening so precious.
We found some sensible "squaring",
It was "the pause that refreshes".

Everytime the Moodys were near Des Plaines we were assured of their visit and with it came many inspiring exchanges of opinions consisting mostly about square and contra dancing and its music. At the time of one such visit, after opening the door to welcome them, Ed burst into the room where he detected a typewriter and very furiously he began to type without saying anything at all to anyone present. After a short time he was finished with his typing, gave me a copy, and then made his rounds to greet the people. It again was the day of our scheduled square dance and, of course, the usual "gabfest" after the dance, with numerous dancers around him. Quickly, on a paper napkin, he composed the following poem:

"A square dance is really exciting,
Its steps, its fun, and its laughter,
But the evening is never completed
Without the spread that comes after.
With the final strains of the music
Autos all head up the street
To the nearest spa that sells coffee,
To review, but also to eat.

Words just tumble like raindrops,
 Folks discuss what they please,
 And a yard to the waistline,
 A thousand or more calories.
 Let us not stop this stop-over,
 Unwinding the evening's confusion,
 For it really crowns a grand evening
 Puts on a dandy conclusion."



Over the years, our friendship grew to undestroyable proportions, and impressions of this great and unpredictable man were built up and stored away in mind. Editorials and poems by "Pat Pending" overlapped each other in rapid succession, and letters kept on crossing each other whether they were answered or acknowledged. We never did wait for an answer or an acknowledgement and we communicated with each other whenever "the spirit moved."

It might be worthwhile to mention how his pseudonym "Pat Pending" came into being, and this fact was related to us by Ed Moody himself. At a Square Dance Camp on the very hot days, a small towel in the belt became popular, and Ed, not to be outdone got a big horse-blanket pin and affixed a large Turkish towel to his belt. However, to his surprise, it soon became public property and anyone near him was using it to wipe off the perspiration. Thus, at the next night of dancing, a tin cup with a cover and slot in it was added to the same belt with a sign stating "5¢ a wipe" and at the bottom of the sign was lettered "Pat Pending". Promptly Ed Moody was tagged "Pat Pending" and the name stuck.

On January 8, 1977, Ed Moody and "Pat Pending" were stilled, never to write again. But to all who knew him, memories of this man will linger on and be kept alive. And further generations who don't know Ed Moody, will feel his presence when, perchance, reading his poems and his many editorials pertaining to the customs and traditions of square and contra dancing, Ed Moody will be missed by all.

DO-SI-DO AT THE AIRPORT



From Joe Hritz, Cleveland, Ohio, an article in Cleveland Plain Dealer, by Dwight Boyer.

During periods of bad weather, when planes are grounded and travelers stranded, airports are usually pretty grim places. Most people are unhappy, frustrated, bored and often surly. But during the recent holidays, when weather closed down flight operations at Cleveland Hopkins International Airport, Betty Runkle, a peppery Cleveland widow and chairman of the USO at the airport, changed all that.

She rounded up groups of costumed square dancers, to liven up the airport terminal and cheer marooned passengers. It was a smash hit with viewers standing four deep and applauding enthusiastically. One stranded couple told her: "We've been around the world by air twice but this is the first time we've been treated to a show like this."

Although square dancing is not new in Cleveland, the Christmas dancing was almost a command performance. For it was Andrew C. Putka, Cleveland ports director, who enlisted the aid of Mrs. Runkle to dispel the gloomy atmosphere.

After their highly successful Christmas debut, the dancers have returned to the airport with some frequency. Cleveland Hopkins may be the only airport in the world offering live entertainment for travelers.

Putka knows a good thing when he sees it.



A WEE BIT OF IRELAND

SAINT PATRICK

March 17 in America is the day to honor Saint Patrick in particular and all Irishmen in general.

More legend than fact exists about Saint Patrick. He was probably not born in Ireland, but he went there as a priest to convert the natives to Christianity. He set up a kind of monastic system with schools and did much to advance Irish civilization. He did not drive out snakes; the Ice Age is credited with that task.

According to legend, he used the shamrock to explain the doctrine of Trinity. The Irish harp, often associated with the day, was the common medieval instrument of the Celts.

Irish rustics during the Eighteenth Century were sometimes called "boglanders".

Irish Proverb: It is better to be a coward for a minute than dead the rest of your life.

Trick or Treat may have been invented by the Irish. Irish farmers in groups were accustomed to go from house to house soliciting food for village Halloween festivities in the name of the ancient god of Irish clergy - Muck Olla. Those who gave cheerfully were promised pros-

perity; stingy people were threatened. Trick or treat celebrations in America are a result of Irish immigration here.

Holy Mountain: Many Irish Catholics become pilgrims on the last Sunday of July when they walk the stony path that leads to the summit of Croagh Patrick, the mountain in County Mayo, Republic of Ireland. There is a legend that Saint Patrick spent the forty days of Lent in 441 on that mountain top, praying and fasting for the people of Ireland.

THE IRISH GIFT FOR THE TURN OF A PHRASE

The weather is soft as the ears of a spaniel.
 Off she went, like a quick spit from a hot shovel.
 As neat as a cuff straight from the laundry.
 Standing alone, like a scratching post on a far field.

IRISH SAYINGS

Death is the poor man's doctor.
 If you want praise, die; if you want blame, marry.
 Three things to beware of: The horns of a cow, the
 hoofs of a stallion, the smile of an Englishman.

AN IRISH BLESSING

May the roads rise with you,
 May the wind be always at your back,
 May the sun shine warm on your face,
 The rains fall soft upon your fields,
 And until we meet again, may God hold you in the palm of
 His hand.

IRISH TOASTS

Confusion to your enemies; to hell with mine.
 May you be in heaven a half hour before the Devil
 knows you're dead.

And one of my favorite sayings:
 If you can't lick 'em - confuse 'em!

The Ould Duodeen



'Fear piopa me' is the Irish way of saying 'I'm a pipe man myself', and though as a nation we are puffing our way to extinction on cigarettes as fast as anybody, the pipe, particularly in the country areas, has never lost its popularity and even amongst the city slickers it is enjoying a bit of a revival in popularity.

The clay pipe - the duidin or 'little neck' - is not, however, the common sight it used to be. Here the phrase might be 'Bean piopa me': I'm a pipe-woman myself, thank you very much - for this attenuated smoking implement, which always seemed about to set the practitioner's hair on fire, was particularly favoured by the sturdy ladies of yesteryear. Its popularity probably dates from the introduction of tobacco itself, for the excavation of graves has revealed pipes which were clearly buried as part of a funeral ritual. The custom of handing new pipes and tobacco at a wake, and of smoking a ritual pipe at the site of an interment, were common, and some authorities suggest that in this case tobacco was simply substituting for an old, pre-Christian ritual. Be that as it may, there are still plenty of men about the countryside who look as if they have been born with a pipe in their mouths - and intend to stay that way!



Briar pipes manufactured in Dublin are world-renowned, as is the peculiar 'Dublin' shape, a curvilinear implement which sits snugly into the corner of the mouth and can be worn, after a little practice, with as much nonchalance as a pair of spectacles. The rituals of pipe smoking are, of course, as carefully cultivated in Ireland as elsewhere, but perhaps one phrase, gleaned from that vade-mecum of curious knowledge, Father Dineen's Dictionary, is worthy of note: 'Bheirim bas

beal faci dom' phiopa' - I invert my pipe on my palm to empty it'. With the last of the tobacco still glowing no doubt. (They don't make them like that any more!)

HUNGARIA Folk Dance Ensemble of New York City 15th Anniversary Concert. April 16, 1977, at Robert F. Wagner High School, 229 E. 76th St. NYC. Tickets \$3 & \$5. Contact: Kalman Magyar, 257 Bhestnut Ave. Bogota, N.J.

FOLK DANCE AND MUSIC SEMINAR: The Music Department of SUNY Ninghamton is sponsoring a summer seminar in folk dance and music beginning with an informal dance party on Friday night, June 24, and end on Wednesday after dinner, June 29, 1977. College credit will be offered, and the seminar meets both departmental and University requirements for awarding academic credit. Staff: Lauren Brody; Sam Chianis; Dick Crum; John Pappas; Joe Wallin. Write Ann Czompo, 8 Brentwood Drive. Homer, N.Y. 13077 for more information.

The Community Folk Fancers of greater Hartford, Conn. will sponsor the following workshops. Wednesday, April 20 with George Tomov, 8 - 10:30 p.m. Wednesday, May 25 with Moshiko, 8 - 10:30 p.m. Both will be held in gymnasium of the Watkinson School, 180 Bloomfield Avenue, Hartford, Conn.

In the market for a hand-made flute, fife, flageolet, tabor pipe? Write to Sweetheart Flute Co. 32 South Maple St. Enfield, Conn. 06082 for information.

Ralph Page will lead a contra workshop 2 - 5 p.m. April 16, 1977 and call for a party in the evening at Silver Springs. Md. Contact Bill Warren, 8403 Cedar St. Silver Springs, Md. 20910, for further information.

MIT Spring Folk Dance Festival, April 15 - 17 with Dick Crum & David Henry. Contact Conny Taylor, 62 Fottler Ave. Lwnington, Mass. 02173 for more information.



IT'S FUN TO HUNT

The following items are from the pages of The Cheshire Republican, a newspaper published in Keene, N.H. for 85 years, until 1914. We find these old-time dance items of interest.

3/2/88 East Westmoreland:- We see by reports in the Sentinel, of the dance at Centennial Hall, last week Thursday evening, and signed "some of the young ladies", that there were "some of the young men" and "some not so young either", that gave occasion for remarks neither creditable to their own reputation, on the score of temperance, nor justifiable or excusable by such course for disappointing the ladies, of a pleasant time as they had anticipated, and as by right and common courtesy they were entitled to, and as has generally been the case at dances and other social gatherings at our hall. Not being present ourself this time, we can only form an inference from the report of the candid ones who were present, for, to the credit of most of the men present be it said that, with a very few individual exceptions, as we understand, there was no evidence of drink stronger than water being used. In the future it must be understood that, when those out of town come here to our hall, they are expected to be temperate, so no intoxicating liquor is sold in this place at all, and we don't want it brought in nor used here. Remember this!

3/9/88 Local News:- The Knights of Labor will give a grand ball at Liberty hall sometime during Easter week.

Prof. Green will close the season of his dancing school in this city with a dance at the Armory, Thursday evening, March 15. A general invitation is extended to the public. Mr. Green has gained many friends in this city who will doubtless see that the closing event of his course will come off with proper eclat.

Marlboro:- Hoyt & McCumin of New York were intending to open a dancing school in the Town Hall, the 14th, failing to make their appearance nothing was done.



4/6/88 Local News:- The inspection of the Light Guard will take place this afternoon, to be followed by the reception and ball and a concert by the celebrated Germania orchestra of Boston. The occasion is expected to be the most brilliant social event of the season.

Troy:- There will be a dance at the Town Hall Wednesday evening April 11. Music will be furnished by Keene Quadrille band; supper will be served at the Monadnock Hotel.



4/12/88 Local News:- The Knights of Labor will give a Calico ball at Liberty hall, Friday, April 20. Friends of the Knights are cordially invited.

5/25/88 Local News:- The gathering at Odd Fellows hall Wednesday evening, under the auspices of the Canton Ashuelot, was a very pleasant affair; the ladies in their calico suits and the gentlemen in overalls and jumpers, made a novel appearance. Music by Goodnow's orchestra was fine and all went merry. Ice cream and cake were served during the evening. About 25 couples were present. The festivities closed at midnight.

6/29/88 Walpole:- One of the most successful balls ever given in town took place Thursday evening 21st inst. Eighty couples participated in the grand march. It was a grand sight, many being in full dress. At 11:30 sup-

per was served, consisting of cold meats, salads, ices, fruit, etc. The tables were beautifully dressed with wild flowers. The serving is worthy of mention, being very fine, in fact all that could be desired. 200 people partaking of supper. Music was rendered by Cummings orchestra of Nashua, N.H. composed of six pieces. In regard to the music no better can be found in the State. Dancing was indulged in until the "wee sma' hours". Taken in all it was a fine success, the occasion being the opening of Hotel Dinsmore under the new proprietor, George E. Smith. We wish Mr. Smith and his estimable wife all the success possible.

Swanzy:- Dickinson's orchestra, John Guillow, prompter go to Providence, R. I. the first of July, where they are engaged for the season at Oakland Beach.



8/24/88 North Walpole:- The Democratic rally in North Walpole Wednesday evening was the largest and most enthusiastic ever held in this vicinity. Large delegations were in attendance from Keene, Alstead, Charlestown and other neighboring towns. It is estimated that over 1000 persons were present. After the speaking the platform was cleared for dancing and the young folks enjoyed themselves until a late hour.

Munsonville:- The town picnic held Wednesday of last week was not as well attended as formerly. Owing to the threatening rain in the morning, there were many who stayed away, but the day proved fine and in the afternoon there was a fair number present. After the well filled baskets had been emptied, and all had been supplied from the edibles, a time was spent in listening to remarks from former residents of town and others but the principal attraction of the day was the music by the young cornet band of Munsonville, this being their first appearance in public, and we hardly think that the State can produce another band of musicians who have made greater progress in so short a time, it being less than four months since many of them first commen-

ced to play. In the evening the young folks had a dance in Union hall which was well attended.

Chesterfield Factory:- The Hinsdale band was at Woodside last Sunday. There will be a moonlight dance at that place on the platform erected over the water, Saturday evening.

9/21/88 Local News:- The first dance of the season, by the Deluge Hose company at City Hall Wednesday evening was well attended, about 100 couples being present. The music by the Keene Orchestra was first class, and all enjoyed a pleasant time. The Keene orchestra have engaged Prof. George Casson of Boston, as first violinist for the Winter season.

10/26/88 Marlboro:- Walter A. Howard is getting up a course of dances. He is meeting with good success.

11/9/88 Marlow:- Col. Petts will give his annual Thanks giving ball on Thursday evening, Nov. 29. The Keene Quardrille band, five pieces has been engaged, Geo. Long prompter, and a good time may be expected.

12/7/88 Business Points:- The first evening of the last half of S. Green's dancing school will be at the Armory Tuesday evening Dec. 11. Dancing from 8 till 12. Tickets, 50 cents; ladies free; seats in the balcony free.

Troy:- The Hamilton Engine Company No 1, held their 23d annual Thanksgiving ball, Nov. 29, which was a great success, about 125 hall tickets were taken at the door. The music was furnished by Appleton's orchestra of Peterboro, which was satisfactory to all. Anyone in the need of a first-class orchestra in this vicinity could not do better than to engage this orchestra. We hope the people of Peterboro will appreciate them and when in need of music employ home talent.

ODDS & ENDS



OF FOLKLORE

FOLKLORE WEATHER SIGNS

JANUARY

January blossoms fill no man's cellar
When New Year's day falls on Tuesday, a stormy winter
doth ensue, with a wet summer, an indifferent harvest,
and many severe storms, much sickness, and divers mis-
fortunes on land and sea.

FEBRUARY

The Welshman fears a fair February.
If February gives much snow
A fine summer it doth forshow.

MARCH

If November is pleasant, the following March is plea-
sant.
Whatever the direction of the wind when the sun crosses
the line (Mar. 21st, and Sept. 21st) that will be the
prevailing direction of the wind for the next six months.
If March comes roaring in like a lion, it will go meek-
ly out like a lamb, and vice versa.
A dry March never begs its bread.
A wet March makes a sad harvest.
A peck of March dust is worth a king's ransom.

So many mists in March you see,
So many frosts in May will be.

A peck of March dust and a shower in May,
Makes the corn green and all the fields gay.

A clear Sunday follows a clear sunset on Friday.
If the sun sets under a cloud on Friday, it will storm
before Monday morning.

Cats wash their faces before a thaw, and sit with
their back to a fire before a snow.

SPRING FOLKLORE

Thunder in spring - cold will bring.
When the moon's full - then wit's on the wane.
Dew collected from the hollows of stumps on the morning
of May Day is said to be a certain way of washing away
freckles.

The fragrant lily-of-the-valley is often called the flo
wer of May, expressing putiry and humility. In the folk
lore of flowers, it has also been called "Our lady's
tears", associated with the Virgin Mary.

AN OLDTIMER IS ONE WHO

Remembers when the village square was a place - not a
person. When the wonder drugs were mustard plasters and
castor oil, and can remember when he could remember.

Remembers when rockets were just part of a fire-works
celebration; when folks sat down at the dinner table
and counted their blessings instead of calories and
turned out the gas while courting instead of stepping
on it.

Remembers when Sunday drivers let off steam by shaking
their buggy whips at each other; when a bureau was a
piece of bedroom furniture; when the woman he left be-
hind stayed there.

Remembers when a dishwashing machine had to be married
-- not bought and can remember when any man who washed
dishes worked in a restaurant.

THE WORDS ARE THE SAME BUT - -

1. Lizzie - a woman's name.
2. Drummer - a noisy musician.
3. Buggy - pest infected.
4. Crystal set - cutglass collection.
5. Grip - a firm grasp.
6. Shiek - Arabian chieftain.
7. Spider - web spinning insect.
8. Jitney - slang for a nickel.
9. Duster - apparatus for spreading insecticide.
10. Spoon - utensil for taking up food.
11. Ripper - a mutilating killer.
12. Rat - an informer.
13. Arctic - region near the North Pole.
14. Hack - a writer.
15. Rumble - a gang street fight.

YESTERDAY THE WORDS MEANT:

1. Lizzie - early model Ford.
2. Drummer - travelling salesman.
3. Buggy - a carriage with a single seat.
4. Crystal set - radio
5. Grip - suitcase.
6. Shiek - a ladies man.
7. Spider - a frying pan.
8. Jitney - small passenger bus charging five-cent fare
9. Duster - long, lightweight garment to keep off dust.
10. Spoon - to make love.
11. Ripper - a long narrow sled.
12. Rat - pad used in women's hairdos.
13. Arctic - winter overshoe.
14. Hack - a carriage for hire.
15. Rumble - a small recessed open-air seat in the back
of an automobile.

Have you heard the taxpayer's prayer? "Lord, I know I can't take it with me, but let me keep enough to last while I'm here!"

AN OLD-TIME RHYME

I remember old-timers saying this rhyme about when you should cut your fingernails:

Cut them on Monday, cut them for news.
Cut them on Tuesday, a new pair of shoes.
Cut them on Wednesday, you cut them for health.
Cut them on Thursday, you cut them for wealth.
Cut them on Friday, a sweetheart you'll know.
Cut them on Saturday, a journeying you'll go.
Cut them on Sunday and you cut them for evil,
For all the next week, you'll be ruled by the devil.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Do you remember Iodent toothpaste? Or Ingram's shaving cream, Mellen's Food, Arrow collars, the Country Gentleman Magazine, Nehi pop, Kaffee Hag, or the Six Brown Br others?

The Public Ledger (Philadelphia newspaper), Nat Holman, Brown Mule chewing tobacco, Pathe News, Wrong Way Corrigan, Royal Baking Powder or Black Jack chewing gum?

FIGURES DON'T LIE

Take your house number, double it, then add 5. Multiply by 50. Then add your age. Add the number of days in an ordinary year. From this number subtract 615 . . . the last two figures will be your age and the others will be your house number.

'Twas untold wealth that ruined him,
He was the modest sort;
He didn't tell about it
In his income tax report.

People call it take-home pay because there is no other place you can afford to go with it.

WHAT THEY SAY IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

Easy as rolling off a log. Ran like a streak of greased lightning. Faster than a striped ape. Alike as two peas in a pod. A wolf in sheep's clothing and As pure as the driven snow.

He's a dead duck. Like a bull in a china closet. Rome was not built in a day. Set a thief to catch a thief. Speak well of the dead. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof, and The silent dog is the first to bite.

You're known by the company you keep. The higher the rise, the greater the fall. The pitcher that goes to the well too often gets broken at last, The proof of the pudding is in the eating and There are no gains without pain.

IMPROBABLE THINGS THAT KEEP ON HAPPENING

Tickling the ivories, being under the weather, killing two birds with one stone and having your head in the clouds. Being on top of the world, being a social climber and eating someone out of house and home.

Beating around the bush, stepping into someone's shoes, buying something for a song, putting on the dog and jumping out of your skin. Climbing the walls, feeding your ego, lending a hand and going to bat for a friend.

FACED PHRASES

You have to handle her with kid gloves. It's curtains for him. He was cleaned out - lock, stock and barrel. It turns me on. Everything's hotsy-totsy. She lives in our neck of the woods and He's a stick in the mud.

He gave up the ghost. Would I lie to you? She's true blue. It's all fuss and feathers. He's the salt of the earth. There's more here than meets the eye, and I love my wife, but oh you kid.

MAPLE RECIPES

N.H. SPRING CHICKEN

1 chicken, $2\frac{1}{2}$ -3 lb cut up	
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup melted butter	1 tspn salt
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup maple syrup	Dash of pepper
$\frac{1}{2}$ tspn grated lemon rind	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped almonds
	2 tspn lemon juice



Place chicken pieces in a shallow, buttered baking dish. Mix remaining ingredients and por evenly over chicken. Bake uncovered, 50-60 minutes, at 325 drgrees. Baste occasionally. This baked chicken is especially good served with rice.

MAPLE BAKED APPLES

Place in a shallow baking dish, apples which have been pared and cored. (Paring is optional). Fill the hollow center with granulated maple sugar; add water to cover bottom of dish. Bake in a moderate oven until soft, basting with the syrup.

LEATHER APRONS

This is a fancy name for "sugar-on-snow", and is a favorite at church sppers...Heat the desired amount of syrup to a temperature of 25-30 degrees F. above the boiling point of water. Without stirring, pour immediately over pans of clean, natural snow. If out-of-season the use of shaved ice, which has a fine body for packing is a suitable substitute to pour the syrup on. Serve with plastic forks to wind the "leather aprons" on and an ample supply of unsweetened doughnuts and sour pickles. A gallon generally serves about 60 people when used like this. Use home-made sour pickles if possible.

MAPLE SYRUP COOKIES

1½ cups maple syrup	1 cup rolled oats
½ cup white sugar	½ tspn salt
½ cup shortening	2 cups all purpose flour
1 tspn baking soda	

Heat the maple syrup, sugar and shortening to boiling point. Remove from stove and add the soda which has been dissolved in a little warm water. Let cool. When cold, add the rolled oats, salt and flour enough to roll out. Roll not too thin and cut with a cookie cutter. Bake in 375 degree oven until light brown, about 8-10 minutes.

MAPLE SYRUP DUMPLINGS

2 cups pastry flour	¾ cup milk
4 tspns baking powder	2 cups maple syrup
1 tspn salt	2 cups boiling water
2 tablespoons butter	

Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt. Cut in the butter, and add the milk to make a soft dough. In a saucepan bring the maple syrup and water to a boil, and drop dumplings into the syrup, cover, and cook about 20 minutes. Serve hot.

Did you know it takes 40 gallons of sap to boil down to one gallon of syrup at the sugar house?

Did you know it takes a forty year old tree to hold one sap bucket? And that bucket must be emptied daily for 6 weeks to yield one quart of syrup?

Waste not, want not. But you won't be able to get into your attic.

Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and apt to get his own breakfast.

KITCHEN SNOOPING

Add a dash of curry powder to cream of shrimp soup for a tasty delight. Cauliflower keeps white if you put a tablespoon of lemon juice in the cooking water.

When making spaghetti meat sauce, add a very small amount of sweet cream to sauce just before serving. It takes away the acrid tomato taste.

Peanut butter will spread easier and have a tangier taste if it's mixed with a bit of orange juice. Combine canned cream of mushroom soup with a little milk, chopped olives and a dash of lemon juice for a simple hamburger sauce.

When making a molded salad, rinse mould in cold water, then grease with salad oil. Salad will not stick, and the oil gives it an added luster.

Marinate pork slices in mustard and wine sauce before baking for an exotic Oriental flavor.

To enhance flavor of roast lamb, sprinkle cinnamon over it before placing in the oven.

Thin out mayonnaise with pickle juice for a tasty vegetable dressing.

Marinate fish in pineapple juice before cooking for delicious flavor.

Add a few drops of tobasco to liven up your next omelet or batch of scrambled eggs.

Dissolve bouillon cubes in a small amount of water and add to meat-loaf mixture for extra richness.

Sometime, try chocolate sauce on sliced bananas or on a piece of lemon.

Add a home-made flavor to store-bought doughnuts by popping them into the oven for a few minutes.





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The Third Annual U.C.S.B. International Folk Dance Symposium, presented by the United Romanian-Armenian Cultural Society of Los Angeles, will be held at the University of California at Santa Barbara from Aug. 30 to Sept. 4 (Tuesday thru Sunday).

American Squaredance Magazine announces a square dancing and sightseeing tour of the South Pacific, including visits to both Australia and New Zealand, to be conducted from July 9 thru 25, this summer.

Dates for Maine Folk Dance Camps: June 25 - July 1;
July 2 - 8; July 9 - 15; July 16 - 22; August 20 - 26;
August 27 - September 2, and Labor Day Weekend, September 2 - 5.

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